OPPRESSION.

A

P O E M.

[PRICE TWO SHILLINGS.]

OPPRESSION.

A

POEM.

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A

POEM.

BY AN

AMERICAN.

WITH NOTES,

BY A

NORTH BRITON.

Bleſt harmony of verſe! you 'tis command,
The ear of princes, cramp the tyrant's hand,
You ſtrip Oppreſſion, of her gay diſguiſe,
And bid the hag in native horror riſe:
Strike tow'ring pride, and lawleſs rapine dead,
And plant the wreath on virtue's awful head. ANON.

To ſee ſuch crimes, and in ſo good a reign,
What hoops of iron can my ſpleen contain? ANON.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR;

And ſold by C. MORAN, in the Great Piazza, Covent-Garden.

MDCCLXV.

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MDCCLXX.

OPPRESSION.

"WHEN private faith and public truſts are ſold,
"And traitors barter liberty for gold:
"When giant-vice and irreligion riſe,
"On mountain'd falſhoods to invade the ſkies:
"When fell corruption, dark and deep, like fate,
"Saps the foundation of *our happy* ſtate*:"
When gath'ring murmurs ſpread throughout the realm,
And fav'rite pilots bungle at the helm:
When tyrants ſkulk behind a gracious T---n,
And practice what,---their courage dare not own;
When M------RS like ſcreening G---L rule,
A Pedant talker, and a B--EAN tool:

* BROWN's Eſſay on Satire.

When law is chain'd, when M------ holds the rod,
And Juſtice trembles at his partial nod:
When nought but fawning, flattery and lies,
Are the juſt emblems of our brave and wiſe:
When *ſons of famine* (*a*) ſwarm throughout our coaſt,
Unknown to fame, yet riſe to ev'ry poſt:
When countries groan beneath Oppreſſion's hand,
And penſion'd blockheads riot through the land:
When COLONIES a ſavage EX--SE pay,
To feed the creatures of a motly day:
When 'tis too late for men to ſeek reward,
And few but M^s can have at C--T regard:
When dunce on dunce ſucceſſive rules our S---,
Who can't love P-TT, and who a G---l hate?
When all theſe ills, and thouſands yet untold,
Deſtroy our liberty, and rob our gold,
Should not then SATIRE bite with all its rage,
And juſt reſentment glow through ev'ry page?
Who can indignant bear to hear ſuch crimes,
And not commence an Author of the Times?

(*a*) *Sons of famine*] This the North-Britiſh reader muſt not take as a reflection on the inhabitants of his country, (it being only a quotation) as our author, through the whole of his poem, has carefully avoided, as much as poſſible, any thing of that nature.

Some mercenary ſouls for profit write,
For nation ſome, and ſome through party ſpite;
But be their motives whatſoe'er they may,
Enough of treaſon glares in open day,
Enough of tyranny's oppreſſive hand,
Deſtroys our freedom and inſlaves our land,
To make all hireling poets change their ſide,
Forſwear their folly, and give up their bribe.

And ſhall I mingle with the C---TLY throng,
When truth and reaſon, tells me they are wrong?
Or, if poetic madneſs ſeize my brain,
Shall I not rhime, when conſcience guides my ſtrain?
Shall I ſubſcribe to ev'ry dunce's nod,
Call P-TT a villain, or L--D B--T a god?
Or yet aſcribe all virtues to the THANE,
And to his wretched conduct, ſay, Amen;
Shall I extol the late ſevere EX--SE,
Call it mere nought, and d--- myſelf by lies?
Shall I proclaim th' H--N--H's leader brave,
Nor think his agent, nor my L--D a kn-ve;
Or yet commend the mildneſs of their reign,
Where woes on woes appear'd, an endleſs train;

Shall

Shall I my COUNTRY, at thy distant call,
Not mark vile H—g, what first propos'd thy fall?
Or shall I turn a traitor to my clime,
And be like HIM, acturs'd to latest time?
No! first I'd be, the meanest meanest wretch,
A player, pimp, a scavenger, a ketch;
Or dead to honour, honesty, and truth,
Commence a statesman's minion from my youth;
Rather than change my mind, and turn a foe,
To K--G, to BRITAIN, COLONIES, to STOW.

I want no places at a servile *****;
To be the dupe of M—ft—l sport;
Where honesty sincere, but seldom dwells;
Where ev'ry tongue with adulation swells;
Where great fools smile, tho' greater fools may laugh;
Where fawns our H—K, at best a meer state calf:
Where miscreants in ev'ry scene of strife,
Get bread for bastards and themselves, for life;
Where fav'rite falsehood only seems to charm,
And statesmen promise never to perform;
Where round are plac'd, a pension'd servile herd,
For meanness honour'd, and for guilt prefer'd;

Where

Where public virtue, meets with abject hate,
Gives way to pleaſure and intrigues of ſtate;
Where men, devoid of decency as grace,
Get *titles*, *penſions*, *perquiſites*, and *place*;
Where ev'ry ill that now annoys our ſt--te,
Have their fell ſource, from thence their baneful date.

From ſuch I can't expect the leaſt, leaſt good,
An uncouth genius from a weſtern wood;
Who've neither wealth, election votes to bribe,
Nor will, to hackney falſhood for a tribe.
When valiant Con--y, veteran in wars,
Now ſtarves at home, rewarded for his ſcars!
Becauſe he ſcorn'd to be a meer Sr--p- mute,
To harm his country for a F-x or B--t-.

Let ought like Twitcher have a brazen ſkull,
Or been like Eg--m--t, profoundly dull (*b*),
Or be he ſprung from Caledon'an blood,
Tho' dead his genius, as the Fleet-ditch mud,

(*b*) In this line our author is guilty of a breach of unity, in regard to times; by uniting preſent and paſt things, under one head: which I hope the candid reader will overlook.

He ſhall be rais'd to poſts of higheſt fame,
Tho' injur'd millions daily hiſs his name.

Does not this Isle enough of troubles know?
That ev'ry State Cl--k, muſt freſh diſcord ſow,
That ev'ry he l---whom M-j--ty promotes,
Dare trample freedom, and enſlave our votes.
Too much of this we've ſeen three paſſing years,
Too oft has liberty bewail'd in tears,
Nor cauſeleſs has ſhe wept, tho' wept in vain,
Yet flow her ſorrows, endleſs yet her pain.

A P---- was patch'd, 'twas voted to be good,
So numbers may pronounce, a ſea a wood;
Votes may decree, that day is truly night,
That right is wrong, that only wrong is right:
But he that joins with ſuch C---- cringing tools,
Muſt be a Tory in the B---'an ſchools;
Muſt ceaſe to hear, to think, or act the man,
But like a fawning ſpani'l, court yon clan;
Muſt like a Proteus, change in ev'ry ſhape,
Be here a monkey, and be there an ape.

Deſpiſing this, the freeborn W---- aroſe,
And nobly dar'd, each traitor to oppoſe,
Their crimes to publick view he bold explain'd,
Their actions, perſons, characters he nam'd,
Condemn'd the P----, with a true Britiſh zeal,
And nobly wrote for Britain and her weal;
But he alaſs! unmeaning ſaid too much,
At leaſt his foes, could conſtrue it as ſuch;
They took the hint, and voted him a knave,
As ſome would fain have voted S--K---L brave.

Before PRESIDING JUSTICE oft he ſtood,
As oft his righteous cauſe, appear'd as good;
But not content, an IRON J-DG- was found,
With ſolid front, impenetrably ſound,
Who conſcience oft had try'd, as oft in vain,
To form the bluſh, or cauſe repenting pain:
With him join'd W--B, the diadem of truth!
" Who ne'er knew falſehood from his very youth;"
(Of heart as ſenſeleſs, as the hardeſt ſtone,
And dead to ev'ry feeling but his own.
When abject want, his aged SIRE oppreſs'd,
Unmov'd he heard, he knew, but never bleſs'd,

Ne'er

Ne'er reach'd a helping arm, to save from fate,
The beſt of parents, in a wretched ſtate;
No ray of pity ever warm'd his breaſt,
Nor e'en a father's cauſe diſturb'd his reſt;
For had he mingled with the wretched poor,
And begg'd an alms, he'd thruſt him from his door.
This parricide! this honeſt upright man!
Inrob'd in truth, adopts no perjur'd plan)
He made an oath, and M------D read the laws,
M------D gave ſentence, and W---s loſt his cauſe.
Oppreſſion here triumphant gain'd the day,
And W---s and Liberty were doom'd its prey.

Ex--SE, another plague, came hiſſing forth,
Hurl'd by a SON of the rock-blooming north,
And as it went, ten thouſand demons ſung,
And all Acheron in his plaudits rung;
They hail'd him "*brother*," for the good he'd done,
And ſent him imps to help his Ex--SE on:
Nor wonder Britons, if he gain'd his end,
When Hell aſſiſts, what mortals can contend;
In vain did T--PLE, G--F--N, P-TT oppoſe,
When the proud Thane, with Hell bred imps aroſe;

When

When he with numbers, all a penſion'd tribe,
Of purchas'd votaries, by place or bribe,
A ſervile crew, prepar'd by nod to go,
Or right or wrong, with him ſay yes or no:---
When theſe collected, HE on EX--SE call'd,
"CYDER and PERRY!" all his creatures bawl'd;
With one aſſent, on liberty they trod,
And ſold their freedom, for their HIGHLAND god.

Strange! that in Britain, there ſhould live confeſs'd,
Such ſpani'l L--DS, and C-M----RS at reſt;
And not be hunted in each country town,
Untill they've pull'd the cringing mongrils down;
Strange! that a people fam'd for freedom's cauſe,
Can ſuffer ST---TS to oppreſs their laws,
Can ſuffer ſtale OECONOMY to rule,
Nor ſend the HIGHLAND CHIEFTAIN back to ſchool;
Far i'the north, where thrives the frugal itch,
To coin new words, to patch a R---- ſpeech;
To learn that truth, not words true Britons move,
That judgment is the road that leads to love.

Go B---, thou minion!---to your country go,
For England loud proclaims you, freedom's foe;

Why will you ſtay, where mankind ſcorns your name,
Where ev'ry year adds blackneſs to your fame,
Where if you die, few friends your deeds will bawl,
In Iriſh cries, or ditties of Fingall?
Haſte, haſte my P--r, to coaſts betake your way,
Where ſnows eternal chill the face of day:
Where torpid rocks and mountains threat' the ſkies,
And hills o'er hills in barren pomp ariſe;
Where poverty ſupreme for ever reigns,
Nor envy'd wealth, diſturb the peaſants brains.
E'en croaking ravens, will rejoice your flight,
And join chorus with the birds of night:
The rav'nous tyger, with the hind will play,
And glad with joy, th' unfeeling aſs will bray.
If thus all nature for your abſence long,
What wonder then, if I ſhould join the throng:
When yet of evils, I more fell can name,
Enough to blaſt you to the lateſt fame:
Of ills! that half the weſtern world annoys,
That mars their trade, their liberty deſtroys,
That makes them ſlaves, or meer mechanick tools,
To work for nought, as fools do work for fools.

Since firſt a CABOT trod their diſtant ſhores,
No time ſo dreadful! not their Indian wars!
No time! when fell oppreſſion rear'd its head,
And even dar'd, their ſacred groves to tread;
Groves! that their fathers found a ſafe retreat,
From ST---TS tyranny, and party heat.
Could thoſe brave heroes, who now ſleep in reſt,
But know how much their children are oppreſs'd,
And that by ST---TS race, that made them roam, (c)
As exiles, from their country, friends, and home.
Methinks they'd riſe and murmur from their graves,
" Were we not wretched! muſt our ſons be ſlaves!

(c) This circumſtance which our author mentions, moſtly happen'd in the reign of the *greatly pious* CHARLES the Firſt, and it is a fact, that all, or by far the greateſt part, of the anceſtors of the *Northern colonies*, fled their native country, Britain, to the then inhoſpitable wilds of AMERICA: to avoid the (allow'd of,) tyrannical perſecutions and oppreſſions of Archbiſhop LAUD, this pious and bigotted KING's favourite. Theſe oppreſſions, (which were of the religious kind,) they avoided by this baniſhment; thus giving to their children after them, a freedom to enjoy, what they in a great meaſure were deprived of: which freedom it is hoped they long may enjoy; nor is it much fear'd, but what it will be laſting: unleſs amidſt the new oppreſſions that now threaten, (from a branch of the ſame deteſted ST---TS family,) their civil liberty; their ſacred ſhould fall a victim: or ſuffer a tax, from the officious kindneſs, of ſome adventurous money-making, ſoul-ſaving B-SH-P. But be he who he will, let him remember, and dread the fate of the B-SH-P of GLASCOW.

" Are

" Are there no ſtores of vengeance for that race?
" That long have dar'd th' Almighty to his face,
" Who to half earth, have prov'd ſo fell a peſt,
" That living, dying, and the dead can't reſt;
And as they vaniſh'd, pray; " Hear, oh my God!
" Preſerve this country from a ST---TS rod.

Ye M---S--RS that do ſurround the T----,
Has not that land enough of troubles known?
Have not her ſons, ſeen wild deſtruction rage,
And war with war, a dreadful battle wage?
Have they not felt too oft, the ſavage ſteel,
And fought and dy'd, for Britain and her weal?
Have not her daughters moan'd in captive chains,
And been the ſubjects of the worſt of pains?
Are not ſuch ills ſufficient for that land;
But muſt oppreſſion add its iron hand?
Dare that fell HE, that ſows ſedition here,
Waft his foul minions, for to ſow it there?
Is he not curs'd by Britons loyal ſouls,
And wiſh'd to HELL, to S---TL--D, or the POLES?
Yes! he that's dar'd t'abuſe the R---- ear,
To give to ſighs for liberty the ſneer,

That's

That's dar'd, by meaneſt arts to gain a wealth,
And ruin M--T-G-- by vileſt ſtealth;
Has dar'd, to make a tribute on their waves,
And load their ocean with a tribe of k----s
To marr their trade.

Thou firſt, thou tyrant man!
Whence ſprung that ſcheme? too vile for mortal plan!
Was it thy genius, and thy plodding brain,
That gave the Hell-born infant firſt a name?
No! juſtice bids me give to H--K his due,
The meaneſt upſtart of thy menial crew;
From him the infant ſprung, he gave it birth,
And firſt proclaim'd the monſter here on earth;
Envious the fiend you ſaw, it gave you pain,
You bid it die, but made it live again:
Becauſe you could not bear the galling thought,
That H--K ſhould form a thing, you never ſought;
That he, ſhould plan a method, way and rate,
To gain five hundred thouſand to the ſtate.
If you at firſt deſpis'd the Hell-bred ſcheme,
Why have you made it ſince your darling theme?
Does not our ſhores, now ſwarm by your command,
With licenc'd OFF--RS by ſea and land?

A crew! more dreadful than our ſavage foes,
A locuſt tribe! that feed on others woes.
By arms, the ſavage from our lands we drive,
But law-made plunderers, will live and thrive.

Go on ye pilferers, with all the rage
That half-ſtarv'd ſpani'ls for a bone engage,
Be like your brothers HERE, a tyrant crew,
Do all that fell rapacious ſouls can do;
Make right and wrong an equal ballance hold,
And prove or diſapprove, as weighs the gold.
Like *theſe*, in all the majeſty of deſk,
Look big, command, and flout, and jeer the beſt.
Like *theſe*, take ſix days for to do a deed,
Which ſcarce a day an honeſt man would need.
In haughtineſs like *theſe*, and proud diſdain,
Build all the honour of your new-got name:
Ne'er once reflect, from nothing you aroſe,
What once ye were, from whence your honour flows.

I'd have you honeſt, faithful to your King,
And all juſt tribute, to his treaſure bring:
T-xes muſt be, they ſhould be juſtly laid,
But to no ſcoundrel, ſhould a T-x be paid.

To

To no proud he! that takes it from my hand,
With all the ſcorn of half your C-STOM band;
To no ſuch menial, upſtart, haughty race,
Many, once lacquies to my LORD or GRACE;
Meer kitchen gentry! great in kitchen wit,
Shall I ye gods! pay duty to a ſpit?
Shall honeſt tradeſmen that ſupport our ſtate,
Cringe, bow and knuckle, at ſo mean a rate?
Shall ought poſſeſs'd of loyalty and gold,
With coachmen, grooms and valets, converſe hold?
Or wait obſequious to their haughty nod,
And hear their dictates as they'd hear a God?
Shall ſuch low vagrants, whom ſome L--D has rais'd,
For ſuch harſh conduct be eſteem'd or prais'd?
Are they more faithful to the ST-TE or C---N,
Than thoſe who honeſty, with friendſhip join?
No! I proclaim that man at once a knave,
Who ſcorns thoſe virtues which adorn the brave:
Honour can't bind him, that no friendſhip knows,
He's ſure a villain, that delights in woes,
And proves or diſapproves as profit flows.

Muſt it not fill all men of ſenſe with ſcorn,
To ſee a muckworm of the earth, low born,
A creature,

A creature, but at beſt a Custom Cl-rk,
The chance production of ſome am'rous ſpark,
In ignorance ſupreme, profoundly dark?
To ſee him ſeat his mighty ſelf in ſtate,
With arms a-kimbo, deal to each his fate;
To ſee the horned ſcribbler force along,
And elbow here and there, the buſy throng;
What awful conſequence transforms his face,
To ſhew th' importance of his mighty place;
As if on him, all exciſe ſolely hung,
And fates of kingdoms, "*ballanc'd on his tongue.*"
Peace to ſuch triflers! ſuch a writing crew!
Such pen ink heroes! from my ſoul, adieu!

Too much already have I loos'd the reign,
Too much have wander'd from my former ſtrain,
But I'll return, again I'll ſing the wrongs,
That my poor country feels, and on her throngs;
But hold! firſt mark th' inventor of their woe,
And brand the caitiff, as their greateſt foe.

From H--k, the verieſt monſter on the earth,
The fell production of ſome baneful birth,

Their

Their ills proceed; from him they took their date,
The ſource ſupreme, and center of all hate.
" If I forget him, then forget me Heaven!"
Or like a W——, may I from right be driven.

From meanneſs firſt, this PORTSMOUTH Yankey (*d*) roſe,
And ſtill to meanneſs, all his conduct flows;
This alien upſtart, by obtaining friends,
From T-WN——DS clerk, a M-LD-N member ends.
Would Heaven that day! was dated in record,
Which ſhin'd propitious, on one ſo abhorr'd;
That day, which ſaw how threats and gold could bribe,
And heard the HUZZAS of a compell'd tribe:
That horrid day, when firſt the ſcheme he laid,
T'oppreſs AMERICA, and cramp her trade;
Would it were mark'd! that thouſands yet unborn,
Might read the ſtory, and the vagrant ſcorn;
That hate coequal, to their wrongs might laſt,
And never ceaſe, till the H--K- name is loſt.

(*d*) "PORTSMOUTH Yankey," It ſeems, our hero being a New-Englander by birth, has a right to the epithet of Yankey; a name of deriſion, I have been informed, given by the Southern people on the Continent, to thoſe of New-England: what meaning there is in the word, I never could learn.

Fly, cringing minion! from all converse fly,
Den with the wolves, and learn the wolv'rins cry,
Go join in concert with the croking frogs,
Or howl in chorus with a pack of dogs;
With monkeys go, and chatter on a ſtage,
Or turn a maſtiff, and each cur engage.
Better thus act, thus beaſt like live and die,
Than think of ſchemes, to make the free-born ſigh:
Better do worſe! turn pandar, pimp or ſlave,
Turn highway-man, turn murderer, or knave;
All do, that thy fell ſoul can think as evil,
And be a B--r-n, Carouch, or a Devil.

What are ſuch crimes? when ballanc'd with the woes,
That from thee vagrant! to thy country flows;
Meer nought and trifling, light as empty air,
They harm but few, but theſe whole countries ſhare;
On one and all, th' oppreſſive evil lights,
And like a tyrant robs them of their rights.

Their trade, alas! how much reſtrain'd and croſs'd,
Their money waſted, and their credit loſt;
To theſe alone, great Britain owns her ſway,
They make her monarch of the watry way,

They

They give beſt all that ever wealth imparts,
Freedom, plenty, elegance and arts:
Depriv'd of theſe, how wretched muſt they fare!
Unleſs camelion-like, they'll feed on air.

Can jealouſy extend its horrid ſway,
To harm the tender offspring of a day,
To hurt a country, but in opening bud,
A people link'd by ſtrongeſt ties of blood?
It can, it does, all kindred ties begone!
Nought here but riches pleaſe the rav'nous throng;
A golden fury, rages in each breaſt,
Let ſink who will, or ſwim, they will be bleſt.
Like fools they've plan'd, it is to keep you down,
To make you love them, and to fear their frown.

Ye paltry ſchemers! did ye ever hear,
That vile oppreſſion cauſed love and fear?
Fear it may cauſe, in coward ſlaviſh ſouls,
But love is free, diſdaining ſervile rules.
Go ſearch antiquity, from days of yore,
With ſtricteſt care, each tyrants reign explore:
Ever ye'll find, when nations have rebell'd,
Tho' fell Oppreſſion they have been compell'd.

When

When civil diſcord, ſhakes the props of ſtate,
And wild diſtraction howls with deadly hate;
When from the Royal head the crown is torn,
And on the front of ſome uſurper born;
When frightful horror glares in ev'ry ſtreet,
And friends with friends in dreadful battle meet;
When dead to ev'ry kindred ſocial good,
Brothers remorſeleſs, ſhed a brothers blood;
Know then the cauſe! Oppreſſion lawleſs reign'd,
And ev'ry right with liberty was chain'd;
Revenge at laſt, a horrid war prepar'd,
And high and low her deadly fury ſhar'd,
Till righteous rage had pull'd the monſter down,
And made the ſubject, happy as the crown.

Oppression no more ſuits, the freeborn there,
Than the deſtroying damps of midnight air;
They're not a reſtive race of menial drones,
That ſit unmov'd, to hear affliction's groans,
But ſprung from fathers that deſpis'd the ſway,
Of thoſe fell tyrants that uſurp'd their day,
A Britiſh ardour, glows in ev'ry breaſt,
They, Britons like, love liberty and reſt:

More

More loyal ſubjects, to our gracious king,
England has not, nor M-j--ty can bring:
And yet, prophetic ſpirit bids me tell,
A horrid tale! on any tongue to dwell;
A woe, by Heaven! I would not wiſh to ſee,
Were ev'ry evil, doubly heap'd on me.

'Ere five ſcore years, have run their tedious rounds,
If yet Oppression breaks o'er human bounds,
As it has done, the laſt ſad paſſing year,
Made the new-world, in anger ſhed the tear;
Unmindful, of their native once lov'd iſle,
They'll bid All-g--nee ceaſe her peaceful ſmile,
While from their arms, they tear Oppreſſion's chain,
And make loſt Liberty once more to reign.

Fools may ſuppoſe, they never can engage,
Or ſtand the mark of B--t-n's mighty rage;
That time don't add to numbers, but that all,
At once would meet a univerſal fall,
If with R-b-rt-s arm, they held the ſpear,
And dar'd to make their Mother C--try fear,
Be ſuch their doom, I'd echo to their fate,
If without cauſe they urg'd Britannia's hate.

(a) "The Hessians, contriv'd to make money as the H——n, this ſcare-crow was try'd; and

Tho' Heaven knows I greatly love my king,
And oft his real worth with rapture sing;
Yet if my country groan'd OPPRESSION's hand,
And rose in arms, to save their sinking land;
I could not wish them harm, but wish them gain,
And to their righteous cause, must say, Amen.

But let them live, as they would choose to be,
Loyal to KING, and as true BRITONS free;
They'll ne'er, by fell r-v-lt, oppose that C--b--,
Which first has rais'd them, tho' now pulls them down:
If but the rights of subjects they receive,
'Tis all they ask, or all a CR--N can give.

See ALB--M--L! what havock he has made,
And how he lawless dar'd, t'oppress their trade,
With rapine force, their merchants traffick seiz'd,
And tax'd their goods, with duty as he pleas'd;
Nay! made them sell, for what he chose to give,
As if no MERCHANT, but my L--D should live.
The pedlar K-N--N, he upheld the strife,
And AGENT for my L--D, e'en threaten'd life, (e)

These

(e) "*Threaten'd life*" Amidst the other oppressive and unheard of methods, contriv'd to make money at the H——u, this scare-crow was try'd; and

Theſe combin'd bankrupts, to retrieve a loſs,
Reſolv'd all int'reſts but their own to croſs.
All arts that Hell, with the juſt agent ſchem'd,
Or that our hero, in his hammock dream'd,
Were try'd t'inrich, two tyrant kn-viſh ſouls,
Dead to all honour, reaſon, ſhame, and rules.

To tell the tricks, th' H-----H's GEN'RAL us'd,
How much for wealth, the SPANIARD he abus'd, (f)
How K--N---N whiſper'd, what the gift ſhould be,
That he might finger, with my L--D the fee;
Would be to tell, what's foreign to my ſong,
They're crimes its true, but only Spaniards' wrong.

---

and by our JAMAICA hero, MR. K—N—N, firſt put in execution; for when CAPT. F—L, of NEW-YORK, repreſented to him the hardſhips impos'd on their trade, and begg'd that they might be alleviated; our courageous agent, (as he inform'd me,) made this laconick reply. "SIR, NOT A WORD,—"NOT A WORD,—IF YOU SAY MUCH,—MY L—D WILL HANG YOU UP IM-"MEDIATELY."——Language indeed,—for a Turkiſh Sultan!—but not for a man, (that is now ſaid,) intends as ſoon as convenient, to purchaſe a ſeat in P-R—M-NT.

(f) This alludes, to the immenſe ſum of money, ſome have call'd a gift, which my L— obtain'd from the Sp-n—ds at the H——h, as a compliment, in conſideration of the extraordinary lenity of his adminiſtration; an unheard of lenity!—extended only to the conquer'd ſubjects of another PRINCE; while thoſe of his own, were treated at the ſame time, with the greateſt oppreſſive ſeverity.

The

The wrongs I'd mark, are those inspir'd on friends,
Meerly to gain th' intrepid L--den's ends.

Hear sordid man! earth echoes loud your name,
But *fiction*, louder shall ascribe you fame:
Shall blaze the deeds, your arm victorious wrought,
How brave you conquer'd, and how brave you fought.

Like matchless FREDERICK! you fac'd the war,
And scorn'd to hear the battle from afar;
In foremost lines you bid destruction rage,
And seem'd yourself, the MARS' rough of the age:
All coward ease, you bid to cowards go,
And like another HECTOR, met your foe:
Nour e'er like you, the pond'rous sword did wield,
Or like you, spread pale terror o'er the field.
The brave VELASCO, saw you, loud he cry'd,
Ye gods, a hero! down he sunk and dy'd,
Unable to behold your warlike stride.
At you, apostate angels were amaz'd,
Forgot their task, and at your valour gaz'd.
MARS trembl'd, when you rear'd the fatal spear,
And JOVE himself, e'en shook with unknown fear.

The

The Mor--'s walls, before your thunder fell,
And all H------n, deem'd your frown a Hell.
Rocks, hills and dales, with beasts, your courage sung,
And not an ass but bray'd you on his tongue.

But why thus trifling sing, why longer praise?
A P--r unworthy of e'en *fiction* lays:
No more my L--d shall *fiction* lead the van,
Shew but yourself, an honest, upright man,
Pay back a wealth, injustice has detain'd,
Nor let your Title, by defraud be stain'd,
By soldier, sailor, merchant, you're arraign'd.
No more my L--d, in lazy riot live,
But share a wealth, which justice bids you give.
The trader you oppress'd, by unheard ways,
Will that give lustre to your future days?
By lawless rapine you may swell your store,
But will mankind a Cataline adore?
How many widows, did your campaign make?
Will you each orphan, to your bosom take?
Were all those thousands, slaughter'd for your gain,
And shall you reap the profit of the slain,
Nor injur'd friends, their injuries complain?

Shall then the ſmall ſurviving valiant few,
Be robb'd by diſtribution of their due?
Ye gods! ſhall armies die, t'inrich a k---?
Nor K--- nor P---t reward the brave.
Were I a ****! I'd think it noble ſport,
To kick ſuch mongril tyrants from my *****.
No knaviſh ſoul, that's aggrandiz'd by wealth,
Obtain'd by force, or got by meaneſt ſtealth;
Should tread the threſhold of the R---l dome,
But like a robber, be exil'd from home;
Or ſhare, what beſt becomes a thieviſh wretch,
A Tyburn ſalutation from a Ketch.

Enough of ſuch!---let other themes take place,
Muſe ſpeak the conduct of a diſtant race;
What happen'd in the gloomy North, proclaim,
And ſing how Scotland greatly loves the THANE.
Tell how in flames you've ſeen a leathern WILKS, (*b*)
Before HE left us, for the land of ſilks;

(*b*) It is evident from our author, if the Engliſh have been fond of burning and beheading a Boot, the Scotch have not been behind them, in uſing the effigy of the perſon of their greateſt hate, with equal marks of contempt and reſentment.

How oft for him EDINA's ſtreets have rung,
And WOLFES and curſes, burſt from ev'ry tongue:
How oft you've view'd the boys, with ſtones engage,
And pelt his picture with their utmoſt rage;
While gather'd round, their friends beheld the ſtrife,
And for their children wiſh'd the paper life,
That like a PORTEUS, (*i*) he might hang in ſtate,
Nor longer live, the mark of Scotland's hate.

To name great WILLIAM, Britons nobleſt boaſt,
And how he drubb'd guid CHARLEY with his hoſt,
Not half ſo galls our Caledonian friends,
As he who blames a B--T-, or W—KS commends.
B--T's all perfection, SCOTLAND's only brave,
ENGLISH are gluttons, and their W--KS a knave:
Are the falſe themes, each Scottiſh dunce repeats,
Who drinks to CHARLEY, often as he eats.

Hear how two Loons! their Chieftains worth extol'd,
And loud his praiſe in ſick'ning raptures ball'd,

(*i*) "PORTEUS," An unfortunate captain of the Edinburgh town-guard; who, in the year 1736, to reſtrain a mob, fir'd and kill'd ſome of them, for which he was condemn'd to be hang'd; and through fear a reprieve ſhould be obtain'd for him, the priſon in which he was confin'd, by a mob was broke open, and he immediately carried to the place of execution, and hung; and left hanging, as I have been informed, for above twelve hours after his death.

Sowens

Sowens and Whiskey, all their mirth awoke.
And for their favour'd Br--sh SAWNEY ſpoke.
" Deil take me, DONNALD, but he's unco guid,
" And foal'd (k) my friend frae beſt o' HIGHLAND bluid (l)
" Frae NORTH to SOUTH, there's nane in a' the land,
" Before this doughty L--D, for bluid can ſtand,
" He was na' foal'd, as a' the ENGLISH crew,
" Kings ſprang frae him, as bearns (m) frae me an' you.
" Saul man! I'd ſpang, with muckle glee I'd ſing,
" If but bra' CHARLEY was the BRITISH king.

" Haud Chiel! (ſays DONNALD) gotha! ye are nae blate (n)
" Wat (o) ye no' weel? wha's M--ST-R O' SA--TE;
" Is it no' B--T-? tho' G---V--E has the name,
" G---V--L, a creature o' nae muckle fame;
" B--T- gives us places, penſions at the G--T,
" An' ſcorns the Engliſh, for his ane dear ſport;

(k) As our author has given a ſpecimen of the Scotch dialect, a tranſlation of a few of the moſt material words, might not be amiſs, *e. g.* Foal'd—Born.

(l) Bluid——Blood.

(m) Bearns——Children,

(n) Blate——Clever or genteel.

(o) Wat——Know

" A hantle

" A hantle filler (p) has our Laddies made,
" Oh! this C——t trafficK, is a bleſſed trade!
" Was the auld Prince, to govern Britons E——n,
" He could nae mair (q) do, than L—— B-t- has done;
" Ye ken fu' weel, a St——t canno reign,
" Ah dreadfu' thought! it gees me unco pain;
" Bat St——ts can be M-n-st-rs o' ſtate,
" Tho' England loath them, wi' the muck'leſt hate;
" Thus our guid L—n, God bleſs his noble ſoul,
" Makes gould in goupins (r), to its Scotchmen rool;
" Lat you an' I friend Sawney, gang to town,
" An' ſpeer (ſ) o' the bra' L—s, ſome feckleſs (t) boon;
" Enough o' places he has geen our lads,
" Perhaps for me an' you, ſome poſt he hades."
" Wi' a' my ſoul, (cries Sawney,) lat us gang,
" Lat's buſs our beams, an' down to London ſpang."

Theſe Northern Britons, greatly I commend,
To wealth as others, all their actions tend:

(p) Hantle filler——Much, or a great deal of money.

(q) Mair——More.

(r) Good in goupins——Gold in handfulls.

(ſ) Speer——Aſk.

(t) Feckleſs——Trifling, or ſmall.

They would be safely mean, should ye the brutal
Not to ascribe all virtues to their B—TS;
When from his partial hand, they share all good,
Because ally'd by Caledonian blood.

Sure none can blame them! to accept a place,
When solely proffer'd to their kindred race——
They're poor, they're proud, but ENGLAND knows they're BRAVE,
Witness each war, and how they've fed the grave.
In friendship they're sincere, in honour just,
They love a station, and they love a trust.
But to one centre, like the Jews they move,
Their greatest crime, is a too partial love:
It is an inbred passion, SCOTLAND feeds,
From a tow'ring mind the fault proceeds.
Thus they love B—T, and B—T he loves a SCOT,
Hence ev'ry profit is their nation's lot.

B—— is the man we only should detest, (x)
As UNION'S foe, as ENGLAND'S greatest pest;

Before

(x) Differing from the most of my countrymen, in point of politicks, I can't help joining with the author, that we should trace party differences to their first source, nor attribute the political compositions of a W—s as the

Before his horrid, dark, and gloomy reign,
The ſouls of SCOTCH and ENGLISH were the ſame,
One general love preſided through the land,
All like good brothers, gave to all their hand;
No party words, nor ſcornful taunts were us'd,
None for his COUNTRY, or his TONGUE abus'd;
But now! oh ſtrange! how alter'd, how unjuſt!
A nation, for the crime of one is curs'd.

Blame B—— ye Britons, don't deſpiſe that land,
Becauſe they take what's offer'd to their hand:
On him alone, if curſes you muſt pour,
Let looſe your vengeance, and exhauſt its ſtore;
Bid injur'd peace, its outmoſt fury ſhed,
And fall as pond'rous ruin on his head;
Bid haggar'd conſcience, treat him as her foe,
And like the rolling ſtone (w), give conſtant woe;
Bid juſtice mark him, as it marks a knave,
And deep repentance, bow him to the grave;

---

the only cauſe. W—s could never have found fault, (as he has done) had there not been ſo juſt reaſon for it, both from mad adminiſtrations, and partial beſtowment of favours: by which only, has that friendly UNION, ſubſiſting between two N-TIONS been greatly marr'd.

(w) This has an allusion, (according to the Grecian mythology) to the puniſhment of Siſiphus in Hell.—Who is ſaid by ſome, to have been a Trojan ſecretary, and thus puniſhed for certain crimes of ſtate.

Hence

Till

Till then, unfeelingly then, will England rue,
So deep the rancour in each English breast.

For me, I could not with him a worse fate,
Than galling conscience, and his master's hate.
The R—l ear, he greatly has abus'd,
For selfish ends the R—l name has us'd;
Thus has estrang'd, his subjects from their ****,
That few alas! too few, his praises sing.
Where are the shouts, that wont to rend the sky,
And where the joy, that gleam'd from ev'ry eye,
At sight of him, what acclamations rung,
Long live our ****, was echo'd from each tongue;
But now, unheeded may he pass along,
And scarce a wish, is whisper'd by the throng.

Whence comes this coolness in each English breast,
The English are despis'd, the Scotch caress'd;
Their country feels, a tax-destroying waste,
While Scotchmen have, each profit and each post,
At Home, Abroad, C—, Army, and the Fleet,
You Mc on Mc in endless numbers meet;
While England's sons, as true and brave as they,
Are scarce in office, pension, post, or pay.

Hence

Hence all this power—hence the daring hiſs
And all th' affronts muſt take which

Th' unhappy man! I pity from my heart,
That can't diſtinguiſh foes from friends apart,
That's cloſe encompaſs'd, by a flatt'ring crew,
Of baſe diſſemblers, of the blackeſt hue;
Who prate of virtues, which none ever find,
And call that pleaſing, which the world calls ſad:
Fellows! that round in cringing orders wait,
Meer ſervile dupes, to pageantry and ſtate,
"Whoſe greateſt merit lies in doing ill,
"In conſtant changing, and in erring ſtill."
Such round our K—, like Stygean demons ſtand,
A flatt'ring, crafty, fawning, trait'rous band;
Who bar all acceſs to the R—— ear,
Nor whiſper what a gracious K— ſhould hear;
Creatures! that follow fairy-fancy'd dreams,
And turn the wheels of ſtate, with idle ſchemes;
Meer abject blockheads, in the ſcale of worth,
Yet bent on novelty, incompaſs earth,
And ruin countries, for a mouſe's birth. (x)

(x) This line ſeems to have a reference, to the impolitical and tyrannous proceedings of the M—T-Y; and the trifle the N-T--N muſt receive from the C-L-N--S, amidſt all the arbitrary, ruinous, and oppreſſive methods they are taking in regard to the ST-MP DUTIES, T-XES, &c. &c.

Such mighty nothings, from my ſoul I hate,
And do deſpiſe them, as the banes of ſtate:
Nor would I change my happy ſphere of life,
For all the folly of a c--rtly ſtrife:
My country's cauſe, has ſolely urg'd my ſong,
And made me mingle with the ſcribbling throng:
Elſe I'd ne'er ventur'd, "on a ſea of rhime,"
The critics laſh, and "perils of the time."

I envy none the favour of the C****;
While B--- makes G---E truckle for his ſport:
Pull but the lawrel, from that tyrant's brow,
Send him to SCOTLAND, G----L to his plow:
Make S--D--H, M----N, each reſign their poſt,
And roaring N--T--N, ſcamper with the reſt;
Then will I ceaſe; then high Heaven adore,
That falſhood, pride, oppreſſion, are no more.

FINIS.

(x) This line ſeems to have a reference, to the impolitick and grievous proceedings of the M--y, and the trifle the K--g can make, except from the C--n--s, amidſt all the arbitrary, ruinous, and oppreſſive methods they are taking, in regard to the ST-AM DUTIES, T-AXES, &c. &c.